

Maupin's Way of Thinking...

Prepared especially for the Herald, by
Will M. Maupin.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

I walked on the shore as the sun went down,
Fading from sight in the long, low west;
I watched each wave with its white-foamed crown
Come rolling in with its snowy crest.
They whispered low as they fell into spray
Over the sands of the pebbly beach;
And I stopped to hear what the waves might say,
Listened to hear what the waves might teach.
And what did the huge waves tell to me?
Listen and I will repeat to thee.
"Pray tell me," said I to the whispering wave,
"Who is it will rule o'er our grand young state?
Who is it we're needing to guide and save
This fair young state from a bankrupt's fate?
Pray answer me, waves, for we need to know;
We're facing a fate that is dark and drear."
And I listened to catch their answer low;
Strained my ears as I leaned to hear.
The waves rolled in with a mighty slosh
And gave me the answer: "Bill Thompson, b'gosh!"
"And who, may I ask, is our truest friend
To send to the hall where the congress meets?
Who best to stand for the right and defend
His land from protective tariff cheats?
Pray tell me, waves, for 'tis well that we know,
For trusts are skinning us left and right."
And I listened to catch their answer low
As they heaved their white-foamed crests in sight.
The waves rolled in with a mighty swash
And gave the answer: "Pat Barry, b'gosh!"
Once more I leaned o'er the wind-tossed sea
And asked the waves as they raised their din:
"Pray tell me, waves, will the G. O. P.
Stay another two years the state house in?"
And the ocean waves as they leaped and crashed
On the glistening sands of the long low shore
To foam and spray in the air were dashed
As they gave me answer with awful roar.
With a dash and a splash and a sounding slosh
I heard them answer: "Well, nit, b'gosh!"
"Who is this man, Thompson, the democrats have nominated for governor?" asked a Lincoln republican of Judge Tibbetts. "I never heard of him."
"I'm not surprised that you never heard of him," said the judge. "Every once in a while I run across men that never heard of Jesus Christ."
A party of friends went out to the Bryan farm a week or so ago and Mr. Bryan proudly showed them about the place. He showed them his pen of chickens, his hogs, his horses, his cows and his favorite bulldog, "Colonel."
"You've got a good start in the live stock industry," said one of the visitors. "But there's something lacking. I see you are not raising Belgian hares. Why is that?"
Mr. Bryan removed his hat, rubbed his hand over his polished dome of thought and said:
"I'm not a success at raising hair of any kind."
Judge Broady is as much bigger mentally than Frank Prout as Prout is bigger physically than Judge Broady. Judge Broady carries his brains under his hat and Frank Prout carries his in the vicinity of his belt.
The compiler of this department is complimented by having his name used in connection with that of Sam Smyser. Sam is one of the all right boys. Ever hear Sam sing?
During a prolonged recess of the democratic convention at Grand Island the assembled delegates whiled away the time by singing a few familiar songs, and the tenor voice of Sam Smyser—clear as a bell and ringing true—soared above all the rest.
A man who can sing "Old Kentucky Home" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee" like Sam Smyser can have got the true metal in his make up. Sam may use Biblical words in a way that the Biblical writers did not; he may emulate the example of old Noah, who

bowled up; he may love to wager the coin of the realm on a favorite horse and play a four flush to win; he may yearn to foregather with those who find recreation in politics and his face may not be a familiar one in the sanctuary—but whether or not, a man who can sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee" with the pathos and sentiment that Sam Smyser throws into it has got within him the elements that go to form the kind of fellow we like to tie to. The man who has no music in his soul is fit for treason, stratagem and spoil. That being true, the man who has music in his soul is worthy of trust, admiration and respect.
Here's hoping that Sam Smyser, long-tailed coat, flowing whiskers, broad smile and all, will live long enough to attend a thousand more democratic state conventions; and here's hoping, too, that we'll all be with him every time to join him in singing the good old songs that make men better.
As a rule that man is a fool who interrupts a public speaker for the purpose of asking a question. And he is doubly a fool who interrupts Mr. Bryan with a question under the impression that he is going to bother him. This was demonstrated to an Iowa gentleman who sought to disconcert Mr. Bryan while the latter was making a speech at Newton, Iowa, during the state campaign of 1901.
"May I ask you a question?" queried the Iowa man.
"Certainly," replied Mr. Bryan.
"Well, sir, in case that the gold democrats, or reorganizers, as you call them, secure control of the 1904 convention, name the candidates and frame a platform, what will you do?"
"My friend," retorted Mr. Bryan, "I always thought it in mighty poor taste for the children to sit around the family table and discuss what they were going to do with the estate when the old man died."
The questioner subsided.
"It is not good for man to be alone," says the Good Book, but it's almighty comforting once in a while to get a loan.
He did not mean to be irreligious. He was merely patriotic and ever ready to stand up for his home. That's why he made the remark that shocked the good brother who was occupying the pulpit.
The man in question was attending to business in Lincoln, and being compelled to remain in town over Sunday decided to attend church. The minister preached a sermon on the "Temptation" and told of it in beautiful words and touching eloquence. Said he:
"But the Master, after being offered all the world if he would but worship Satan, refused. What a blessed thing for us that he did."
"Gosh! what a narrow escape for us!" shouted the visitor. "Just think what would have happened if Box Butte county had been in the shape then that it is now!"
That harsh, grating sound from the eastern section of Nebraska is only our great and good friend, Edward Rosewater, gritting his teeth as he looks over the names of the new fire and police board of Omaha. Your Uncle Ezra handed Brer Rosewater a bunch that time.
A broad-minded, liberal, genial minister of the gospel was once challenged to a debate by the sniveling representative of a bigoted sect.
"I must decline," said the broad-minded minister.
"Ah, you are afraid to meet me," cried the sniveling representative of a bigoted sect.
"Not so," answered the good minister. "I decline because my ammunition costs too much to waste on snowbirds."
This much in reply to the man who devoted so much space to the compiler of this department. I've forgotten his name.
A good democratic contemporary expresses great surprise because a lot of republican papers that charged William H. Thompson with being a railroad attorney refused to correct the statement when convinced of its falsity. The explanation is that our good democratic contemporary has been a resident of Nebraska for only two months. He is not yet acquainted with the republican newspapers of the state.
The Beaver City Times-Tribune rejoices and says: "President Roosevelt spiked one democratic gun by his rep-

rimand of General Smith." That's mighty good, coming from a republican paper. What did Roosevelt reprimand Smith for? Certainly not for brutality in the Philippines. Is it possible that the great and good Roosevelt sacrificed a good man like Smith merely to advance the Roosevelt interests?
"Mr. Bryan, do you believe in government ownership of railroads?" shouted an auditor when Mr. Bryan was speaking at Quincy, Ill., during the campaign of 1900.
"The time to settle government ownership of railroads," replied Mr. Bryan, "is after we have settled the question of the Rothschilds' ownership of the government."
WHERE IS HENRY LANGFORD?
Old Settler in the County Disappears and Foul Play Is Suspected.
Henry Langford, an old settler of this county living west of Alliance, mysteriously disappeared from our city last Saturday and all efforts to trace his whereabouts have so far proved futile.
He came here last Thursday for the purpose of buying a quarter section of land near Alliance for one of his sons, who, it appears, does not live in this part of the country. He told parties with whom he talked that he had \$385 of his son's money with him. Later he sold a horse he had driven to town for \$100 and bought another for \$85, so that there must have been \$400 or more in his possession. All who know him say he is not a drinking man, some that he had never before been drunk when in this city; but certain it is that this time he became intoxicated and was seen about various resorts and his money was disappearing rapidly. How much he yet had Saturday morning is not easily estimated. He did not buy the land he had come to town to purchase. On the morning of the last named day he went to the Phillips livery barn and told the liveryman that he was going to start home and wanted his team gotten ready but said he had an errand up town first. He did not return to the barn and all attempts to trace his steps from the time he left it have been in vain, though every effort has been put forth by the officers and Mr. Langford's two sons, who are now in the city, to do so.
Mr. Langford was about sixty years old. He was respected in his community and his behavior on this trip is a surprise to those acquainted with him. Some think that he was drugged and lost most of his money and that shame for what he had done drove him to decide to leave the country. Others think that he still had quite a large amount of money and had some appointment up town with some one who knew he had it and that he met with foul play.
In One Fell Swoop.
From a printer's devil to a bank clerk, in one fell swoop, is an event that would scarcely occur in the same city oftener than once in a generation; and yet it has occurred in Alliance within the past few days. Clayton Reed, who became an attaché of this office some three months ago, is the fortunate or unfortunate young man whom the fates have decreed should make this astounding leap. Months ago we discovered the fact that in this youth there was the making of a splendid printer and an unusually bright newspaper man, and at once began to work upon him with the view of inducing him to enter the HERALD'S employ. After a while our efforts were successful, and just as we had begun to congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune, the engineers of the Alliance National bank throw themselves into the breach and play us a shabby trick by prevailing upon Clayton to sever his connection with the HERALD and swear allegiance to them. Visions of an association with the upper crust of society and the importance of so exalted a position as a bank clerk, were too much for Clayton, and he has laid aside his overalls and jumper, and donned a ball-faced shirt and a stand-up collar, patent leather shoes and a stiff hat, and in a hundred other ways prepared himself for the change. But it's all right. We'll forgive our friends of the Alliance National; yet we cannot help thinking they have committed a sin and they'll have it to answer for. For honesty of purpose, integrity and reliability Clayton Reed hasn't a superior in all this part of the country. He is worthy of every confidence, and whether as a banker or a newspaper man he is certain to get to the top. The HERALD'S loss—and it's a big one—is the Alliance National's gain—and that's a bigger one.
Ed Mollring is one of the "luckiest" men in town. Tuesday he received a telegram from Lincoln stating that he held the number that drew a fine horse and buggy valued at about \$500.
Ray & Petger's ice cream is delicious.
Order of Hearing.
STATE OF NEBRASKA, ss.
COURT OF BOX BUTTE, ss.
At a county court held at the county court room in and for said county, August 6, A. D. 1902, present, D. K. Spacht, county judge.
In the matter of the estate of Dennis Carpenter, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of H. E. Carpenter, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to him as administrator.
Ordered, that August 30, A. D. 1902, at 2 o'clock p. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a county court to be held in and for said county, and show cause why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing this order in the ALLIANCE HERALD, a weekly newspaper published in said county, for three successive weeks prior to a true day of hearing.
D. K. SPACHT, County Judge.
(A true copy.) [SEAL] 8-8

Newberry's Hardware Establishment.

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HEADQUARTERS for all kinds of Galvanized Steel, Dip Supply and Water Tanks.

Agent for Chloro Naphtholeum. If your cattle have the Itch or Lice, try this disinfectant. It is a sure cure.

Carry a full line of Builders' and Shelf Hardware, Stoves, Wagons, Buggies, Windmills, Pipe and Cylinders.

Newberry's

Notice of Sale.
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order signed by a majority of the stockholders of The Alliance Dairy Association, (Incorporated) at Alliance, Nebraska, we will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described property to-wit:
"Commencing at a point twenty feet south of the southwest corner of Lot No. 16, in Block No. 13, of original town of Alliance, Box Butte county, Nebraska, according to the recorded plat thereof; thence running south, in a line with the east line of Sweetwater avenue, of said town, one hundred and thirty feet, to a point in a line with the north line of Wyoming avenue, of said town; thence east in the continuation of the last mentioned line fifty feet; thence north, at right angles to last mentioned line, one hundred and thirty feet, to the south line of the alley in said Block No. 13; thence west, along said south line, fifty feet, to the place of beginning. Subject to legal highways," together with frame building, 18 by 22 feet, also one twelve horse power vertical boiler and smoke stack complete, one cream separator and base; one receiving vat; one Ideal heater; one skim milk tank; one large milk scale; one weigh can; one washing and cleaning tank; one Babcock milk tester; one Marsh steam well pump, and all other articles necessary to operate said separator station. Said sale will be held at the west door of said separator station, at Alliance, Box Butte county, Nebraska, on the 23rd day of August, 1902, at 2 o'clock p. m. Proceeds to be used to pay the indebtedness of said corporation and expenses of selling same together with accruing costs and balance to be pro rated among the stockholders of said corporation.
A. S. REED, President.
J. E. VAN BOSKIRK Secretary.
Dated at Alliance, Nebraska, this 23rd day of July, 1902.

Two of Our Churches.

First Baptist Church
One Block West and Two Blocks North of
TIMES BUILDING.
GEORGE COLLINS JEFFERS, PASTOR.
Sunday Services.
Sunday School.....10.00 A.M.
Preaching.....11.00 A.M.
Junior Meeting.....3.00 P.M.
C. E. Meeting.....7.15 P.M.
Praying.....8.00 P.M.
Prayer Service, Thursday, 8.00 P.M.

Methodist Episcopal Church
...Church...
ALLIANCE, - NEBRASKA.
REV. E. C. HORN, Ph. D., PASTOR.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Sunday School.....10.00 A.M.
Preaching.....11.00 A.M.
Class Meeting.....12.00 M.
Junior Epworth League, 3.00 P.M.
Epworth League.....7.00 P.M.
Praying.....8.00 P.M.
Prayer Service, Thursday, 8.00 P.M.
Everyone is Welcomed to All Services.

A Hearty Welcome TO ALL SERVICES.

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Staple AND Fancy Groceries
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Continental of New York City.	Niagara Fire Insurance Co.
New York Underwriters, New York.	Commercial Union Assurance Co., of London.
Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Co.	surance Co.
	Farmers and Merchants Insurance Co., of Lincoln.
	Columbia Fire Insurance Co., Philadelphia Underwriters.
	Phoenix Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.

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JOHN PILKINGTON.
Grain, Flour and Feed.
SOLE AGENT FOR
The Aurora Milling Company.
A One Flour, PER SACK.....\$ 1.00
500 POUNDS, CASH.....10.50

The Herald has the best equipped Job Office in the west, and turns out the best work.
Victor Lodge, Number 10, Knights of Pythias.
Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, at Bell's hall. Visiting members in the city cordially invited to attend.
C. A. Rankin, C. C.
J. T. O. Stewart, K. of R. and S.
The Herald has the best Job Office in western Nebraska, and turns out the best work.
We are not BRICKS but we make them.
—RAY & PETGER.